

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

MILITARY

JUNE
No.10

COMICS

BLACKHAWK
STANDS ALONE, AS
THE LEGIONS OF
DOOM SWEEP IN
FROM THE DESERT!

LOOPS AND BANKS
THE SNIPER
SHOT and SHELL
SECRET
WAR
NEWS

2 COMPLETE
SECTIONS
IN **ONE**

ARMY

NAVY

BESIEGED IN A
FLAMING FORTRESS
DEFENDED BY DEAD
MEN..



ACROSS THE SILENT
SAHARA COME
THE BLACKHAWKS!



IN QUEST OF A
MAN'S FACE...



"TRAPPED IN
THE DEVIL'S
OVEN"



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

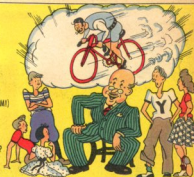
OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)



"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE," CHUCKLES GRANDPA, "IF THE CAR IS LAID ASIDE?
"THERE'S HEALTH AND FUN FOR EVERYONE IN EVERY CYCLE GLIDE!
"YOUR MA AND PA CAN RIDE A BIKE, AS WELL AS SIS AND BROTHER,
"AND THOUGH IT'S YEARS SINCE I RODE ONE, I THINK I'D LIKE ANOTHER!



"LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND GET OURSELVES SOME BRAND-NEW BIKES TOMORROW!
"BUT, MIND YOU, WHEN YOU PICK YOUR BIKE, BE SURE IT'S GOT A MORROW!
"THAT FAMOUS BRAKE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO SUIT YOUR DAD AND MOTHER—
"IT'LL STOP SO QUICK, AND COAST SO SLICK, AND OUTSTEP ANY OTHER!"



Famous for over 40 years! Quick stopping,
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow Coaster Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIS AVIATION CORP., ELMSH, N. Y.

MORROW
COASTER BRAKE



HERE ARE THE TWO LEADERS IN THE QUARTERLY COMIC FIELD

THE DOLL MAN
Quarterly

UNCLE SAM
Quarterly

Buy Them From Your Regular Newsdealer

MILITARY COMICS, June, 1942, No. 10, Published monthly by Comic Magazines, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive and Editorial Offices, Garber Building, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager, W. E. Elmer, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.20 plus 20 cents for mailing, total \$1.40. Foreign \$2.00. Entered as second-class matter April 28, 1942, at the Post Office at Buffalo, New York, under the of March 3, 1929. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. R. S. Morley, Advertising Representative, 629 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. Western Representative, F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.



ARMYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION ON LAND
Section 1.

POOR ANDRÉ!!
HE GOT HIS FACE
ALL SCARRED UP
TRYING TO SAVE
OUR LIVES ---DOT'S
SHAME!!

YAH!

DOCTOR VON
RATH, CAN YOU OPER-
ATE ON ANDRÉ'S FACE
SUCCESSFULLY?

Ches
Guidere

I'LL TRY....
BUT AFTER ALL,
I'M CRAZY
YOU KNOW!

MUST BE
SUCCESSFUL
SO ANDRÉ NO
HAVE BLOODY-MAN
FACE AND WEAR
IRON MASK....
OR CHOP CHOP
OPERATE ON
YOU WITH
THIS!!

It is evening... *Blackhawk Island* lies silent in the glow of the sinking sun In the well equipped infirmary Dr. Von Rath attempts, despite his madness, to restore Andre's horribly scarred face

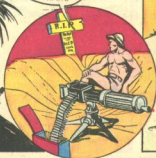


AND WITHIN THE BESIEGED
DEVIL'S OVEN OASIS

HMM... LOOKS AS
IF I'M THE ONLY
ONE LEFT!!



WELL, HE'LL MAKE
MESELF COMFORTABLE
HIN THIS BLOOMIN' OLE
AND JUST
WAIT!!



AT THAT MOMENT



STEP RIGHT UP, BOYS!
THIS ONE IS ON ME...



HA HA HAAAH!
SWALLOW THIS,
YOU DESERT
SCUM !!



THIS IS FOR RONNIE!

RAT TAT TAT TAT

AND
IGGY!!

RAT TAT
TAT TAT
TAT



AND THIS
ONE ...
WU UP!!

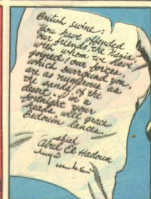


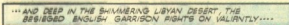
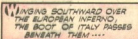
I- IS ... FOR ...



ENGLAND!!



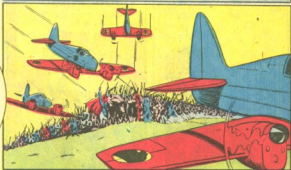




BEHOLD,
O' LORD OF
THE DESERT!!

AIEEE!!
**BLACK-
HAWKS!!**

BLAZING A SWATH THROUGH THE ATTACKING HORDES, THE
Blackhawks ROAR IN----



GLNS BARKING, THEY CLEAVE
THEIR WAY TO THE FORT!!



POO-OEY!!

何雨カ
ノ早キ
ヤ!!

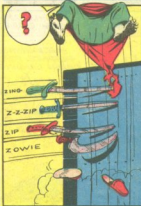
STAND
BY TO
CLOSE
GATES!!



GLEEPS!



ME BEEN DLOBBLE
CLOSSED!! OPEN
GLATES BEFO'
FIENDS SETTLE
CHOP'S HASH
WITH SLASH!!

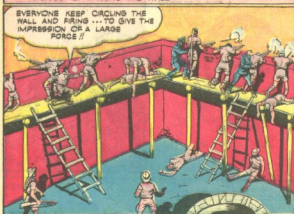


GLACIOUS ME!
TOO CLOSE!!
ME STILL
FEEL COLD
BLEETE OF
KNIFE!

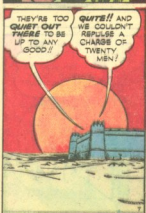




IN A FEW MINUTES, THE GALLANT DEAD SOLDIERS ARE PROPPED UP AROUND THE WALL...

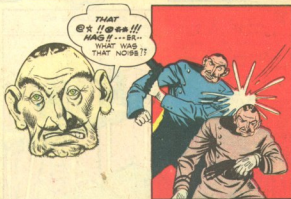


ON A NEARBY DUNE, ANDRÉ'S DOUBLE, VON ZIEFH, STARES ASTONISHED





...AND IN VON ZIEFH'S TENT...



TEN MINUTES LATER...





MEANTIME, OUTSIDE VON
ZIEPH'S TENT....

AWA!! MY DEAR HUSBAND
IS ALONE!! THIS IS MY CHANCE
TO AVENGE THE TORTURE
OF MY POOR FATHER!!



TO THINK THAT I, THE
DAUGHTER OF DOCTOR VON
RATH, THE WORLD'S GREATEST
PLASTIC SURGEON, AM
MARRIED TO THIS
VIPER!!



ZIE'S FIGHT IS TOO GOOD TO
MISS ...VOLKA!! I JOIN
THEM!!



HOLD
IT!!



TAKE IT EASY, MISS
BARBARA --- ANDRE ISN'T
YOUR HUSBAND --- WE
KNOW ...

BAW!



I WON'T LISTEN!! YOU'RE
SPIES!! LET ME GO!! I'LL
KILL HIM! I'LL KILL
YOU ALL!!

SCREEEECH!!



EEEEK!!
NO, NO, NO, NO, NO...



MOORAH!

RAY!!

JUST AS THE FIRST PAINT FINGERS OF DAWN DART OVER THE HORIZON, THE BLACK-HAWK SWOOP DOWN OVER THEIR SECRET ISLAND IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC----



SAY, DOC!! WE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT!!

FOR ME? GOODY! GOODY!

OUI, BUT TIME WAS TOO SHORT TO HAVE IT GIFT-WRAPPED!!



DADDY!

BARBARA! MY DAUGHTER!



SHIP: YOU MEN ARE THE MOST WONDERFUL FELLOWS IN THE WORLD!! I FEEL LIKE A NEW MAN! I'M SURE I CAN RE-OPERATE SUCCESSFULLY NOW!!



IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, ANDRÉ'S NURSE, BARBARA, TAKES VERY GOOD CARE OF HIM INDEED---



WHEN AT LAST ANDRÉ'S FACE IS HEALED, THE SUSPENSE IS TERRIFIC!! HAS THE DOCTOR BEEN SUCCESSFUL??? SHHHHH... ANDRÉ LOOKS LIKE ...

ANDRÉ HIMSELF!



SUCCESS!

AND NOW WE HAVE SOMETHING TO ANNOUNCE--- WE WANT YOU ALL TO COME TO OUR BETROTHAL PARTY WHEN WE GET THE DATE!



RAY! WHOOPSE! HAWKANN...



The SNIPER

EDITED 8 JAN 44

OUR TRAILS CROSS AGAIN... BUT NOT FOR LONG! IT SEEMS THAT SOMEONE NEEDS MY... ER... ATTENTION! HOWEVER LET ME TELL YOU OF SIGNOR BAREZZI.... I MEAN THE LATE SIGNOR BAREZZI WHOSE SMILING TREACHERY LED MANY AN INNOCENT VICTIM TO A GHASTLY END! HUMANITY THERE IS AN OLD ADAGE WHICH SAYS 'THOSE WHO LIVE BY THE SWORD... WILL PERISH BY THE SWORD'.

TO SHOW HOW BESTIAL BAREZZI WAS... LOOK AT TWO OF HIS VICTIMS!

YOU HAVE BEEN MOST KIND, SIGNOR BAREZZI!

HAI! THE STUPID FASCISTS THINK THIS INN IS A WINTER RESORT... AND DO NOT KNOW HOW MANY PEOPLE I HAVE LED TO LAKE CONSTANCE AND FREEDOM!

THIRTEEN MINUTES LATER...

WHEN YOU GET TO SWITZERLAND... TELL THEM OF FASCIST BRUTALITY!

THE PAPERS YOU GAVE US WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT, SIGNOR BAREZZI!

LOOK.. MOTHER... LOOK!

C. CALL TO SIGNOR BAREZZI FOR HELP!

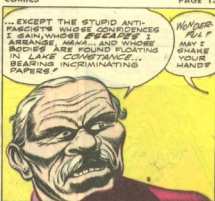
SAVE US.. SAVE US.. WHO CAN'T SWIM... CHASE.

I COULDN'T PREVENT THE ABOVE TRAGEDY BECAUSE I ONLY HEARD OF IT AFTER IT HAPPENED. HOWEVER, PERHAPS YOU WOULD BE INTERESTED IN WHAT HAPPENED TO SIGNOR BAREZZI AFTER I TOOK TO THE.. ER.. CHASE.



AHA! SIGNOR
BAREZZI!

HANA! EVERYBODY
KNOWS SIGNOR
BAREZZI'S
LUCKY HAT...



...EXCEPT THE STUPID ANTI-
FASCISTS WHOSE CONFIDENCES
I GAIN, WHOSE **ESCAPES** I
ARRANGE, HANA... AND WHOSE
BODIES ARE FOUND FLOATING
IN LAKE CONSTANCE...
BEARING INCRIMINATING
PAPERS.

WONDER-
FUL!
MAY I
SHAKE
YOUR
HAND?



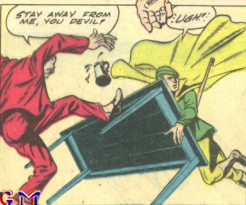
OF COURSE... BUT
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? PUTTING
A SPOON IN MY
HAND AS A
SOUVENIR?

THOUGH THE AIR IS CHILL...
BAREZZI'S FOREHEAD BE-
COMES DAMPENED WITH
PERSPIRATION AS HIS EYES
RALL TO THE OBJECT PRESSED
WITHIN HIS PALM.

MADRE MIA!
THE
SNIPER!

A TONELESS VOICE, DEVOID
OF EMOTION... CRACKS
AGAINST BAREZZI'S
EARS!

DID I MAKE A
GOOD WAITER,
BAREZZI?



STAY AWAY FROM
ME, YOU DEVIL!

LIGHT!



FASCIST!
FASCIST!
HELP!

NOW TO
PREPARE A
FITTING WEL-
COME FOR
BAREZZI'S
FRIENDS!

FASCIST KILLERS RACE INTO THE INN...AS BAREZZI URGES THEM ON... FROM THE OUTSIDE!



But...AS THE CONFIDENT FASCISTS CHARGE FORWARD....A SWINGING FIGURE HURTLES INTO THEIR RANKS!



DON'T BE AFRAID, COMRADES! HE...HE IS ONLY ONE MAN!

WATCH OUT...!!
Aaaaa...

CAN'T STOP NOW! I'M AFTER BIGGER GAME!

HERE IS YOUR LUCKY HAT, SIGNOR BAREZZI!

A GOOD FASCIST BULLET WILL STOP YOUR RASPING TONGUE!

BAREZZI IS FAST... BUT THE SNIPER'S TRIGGER-FINGER MOVES WITH THE SPEED AND ACCURACY OF A VIPER'S TONGUE!

I'LL NOT KILL YOU... YET... YOU HAVEN'T SUFFERED ENOUGH!

I GULP! MUST... MUST... GET AWAY!

HIS HEART PUMPING WITH FEAR...BAREZZI RACES FOR A NEAR-BY BOBBLED...



...AND...RIGHT BEHIND HIM...THE SWIFT-MOVING SNIPER RELENTLESSLY FOLLOWS...



BITING INTO THE CRISP ICE...STEEL RUNNERS WHIZZ AT BREAKNECK SPEED 'ROUND BANKED WALLS OF ICE, AS THE IMPLACABLE SNIPER PURSUES HIS QUARRY...





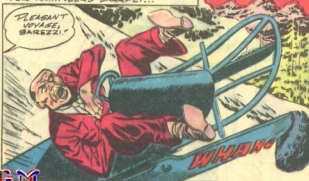
CALMLY, METHOD-
ICALLY... THE
MANHUNTER
EMPTIES
RIFLE BULLETS
INTO BAREZZI'S
HAT!



Then... A POWERFUL ARM
FLINGS THE WEIGHTED HAT
FORWARDS!



THE RACING SLED HITS THE HEAVY
FUR HAT... VEERS SHARPLY...





TEN FINGERS LIKE
TEN STEEL BANDS
TIGHTEN INEXORABLY
ABOUT THE THROAT OF
BAREZZI!



YOU CAN'T
KILL ME
WITHOUT
GIVING ME
A CHANCE
...IT... IT'S
MURDER!



COMING FROM
YOU... THAT'S
VERY FUNNY!
HAAAA... I'LL
GIVE YOU THE
SAME CHANCE
YOU'VE GIVEN
OTHERS!
GET INTO
THAT BOAT
BY THE LAKE.
...AND START
CROSSING !!

THE BOAT HASN'T
BEEN SABOTAGED
YET! I'LL RUN IT
AROUND THE
MAINLAND... **GET
HELP!**... AND THE
SNIPER WILL LEARN
THE FUTILITY OF
FIGHTING **SNIPER
"BAREZZI!"**



A
MOTOR
KICKS INTO
LIFE... AND
THE BOAT
ROARS FROM
THE
SHORE!



TRICKED
YOU AGAIN,
SNIPER... AND YOU
CAN'T STOP ME!
...YOU'VE NOTHING
TO SHOOT AT
!!

ON SHORE... A
GREEN-CLAD
FIGURE SIGHTS
THROUGH THE
TELESCOPIC
LENS ATTACHED
TO A SLIM
RIFLE!



SIGNOR
BAREZZI...
YOU WILL SOON
LEARN THAT NO
ONE ESCAPES
HIS FATE!

A LEAN BROWN FINGER ENCIRCLES
A TRIGGER AND THEN...

WATER.. WATER...
THE BOAT FILLS
WITH WATER!



FRANTIC, UNAVAILING STRUGGLES CEASE...
BUBBLES NO LONGER BREAK THE SURFACE...
....AND LAKE CONSTANCE IS SERENE!



COLD-
BLOODED,
TREACHER-
OUS... ENTIRELY
WITHOUT MERCY
...BAREZZI MET,
AT THE END
OF HIS TRAIL,
THE VERY SAME
SHASTLY FATE HE'D
CALLOUSLY METED-
OUT TO SO MANY
OTHERS! NEXT
ON MY LIST IS
A VERY STRANGE
PERSON... VERY
STRANGE!

LOOPS and BANKS

ASSIGNED TO RUSSIA AS TECHNICAL ADVISERS, LOOPS AND BANKS, SUD- DENLY ARE TOLD ONE DAY TO HIKE INTO THEIR FLYING TOGS AND REPORT TO THE AIRFIELD AT ONCE...



YOUR JOB IS TO GET THE PAPERS PREMIER STALIN WILL GIVE YOU TO ENGLAND!! SHOW 'EM WHAT THE UNITED STATES MARINES CAN DO, MEN!!

AVE, AVE, SIR!!



THE PAPERS ARE OF THE LITMOST IMPORTANCE... OUR SUCCESS DEPENDS ON YOUR GETTING THROUGH!! DO NOT FAIL!!

DON'T WORRY, PREMIER! WE WON'T!!

I HOPE!!



WELL...THE BOYS GOT OFF ALL RIGHT, AND IN A FEW HOURS WERE WELL ON THE WAY TO BRITAIN!



HEY, BANKS!! LOOK!! HEINKELS!! GET READY FOR A SCRAMBLE!!

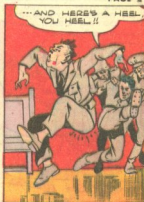


PLEASE DO NOT BOTHER WARNING THE CREW, LIEUTENANT BANKS.... I JUST SHOT THEM!!

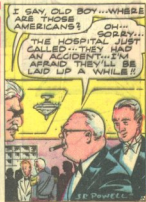


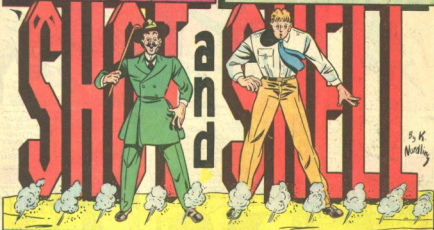




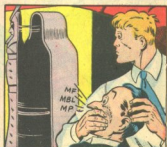






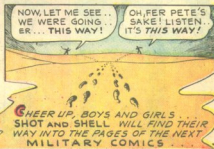
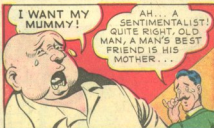


ONCE AGAIN OUR TWO ERRING KNIGHTS, COL. SAM SHOT AND GLIM SHELL TAKE TO THEIR HEELS IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN DEATH... ACROSS THE EGYPTIAN WASTES THEY FLEE, SEEKING REFUGE FROM AXIS BULLETS...









Death Patrol



OR GEE YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF THE DEATH PATROL, ASK THE NAZIS, THEY HAVE... THE DEATH PATROL IS A GANG OF JAILBIRDS, CANNIBALS, WILD INDIANS AND WHAT NOT... AND "WHAT-NOTS" ARE THE PLANES THEY FLY!

THE DEATH PATROL, WHEN THEY'RE NOT UPSETTING THE PLANS OF THE NAZIS, THEY'RE UNINTENTIONALLY GETTING IN THE WAY OF THE BRITISH!



OH... IT'S YOUR CRAZY BLIGHTERS... HAVEN'T I ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT YOU? I CAN'T PICK UP ANYTHING ON THESE MECHANICAL EARS BUT SOMETHING THAT SOUNDS LIKE



WAR DRUMS? GOOD! LET ME LISTEN... IT REMINDS ME OF MY NATIVE AFRICA!!



HEAVENS! IT'S A MESSAGE TO ME FROM AFRICA... IT'S BEEN RELAYED THROUGH EUROPE... MY PEOPLE NEED ME, FOR THE NAZIS HAVE INVADDED MY COUNTRY. YOU'VE BEEN ITCHIN' FOR A FIGHT... COME ON DEATH PATROL WE'RE OFF TO AFRICA!



MEANWHILE IN AFRICA AT
NAZI HEADQUARTERS:



DOSE
DRUMS,
HEY ARE
DRIVING ME
MAD!

THE CORPORAL IN TYPICAL NAZI FASHION PERSUADED THE NATIVE TO TALK.

...HE SEZ...DER MESSAGE
IS TO A KING HOTINTOT,
TELLINK HIM TO COME
HERE MIT
HELP!



COME BACK HERE YOU FOOLS!
VE SHALL SET A TRAP FOR
DEM UND GET RID OF
DEM VUNCE UND FOR
ALL



IF I MAY SUGGEST, GENERAL,
PERHAPS IT IS A MESSAGE
DOT VE SHOULD KNOW
ABOUT TO HELP IN OUR
CONQUEST OF AFRICA!



KING HOTINTOT? HE ISS
VUN OF DER DEATH PATROL?
HIM-1? DOT MEANS DEY
HIM-1 VILL ALL COME
HEREP



EQ--4- YES... I AM GLAD
I THOUGHT OF IT.
CORPORAL, GET YUN OFF
DA NATIVE PRISONERS
UND MAKE HIM TELL YOU
VOT DOSE DRUMS
MEAN.

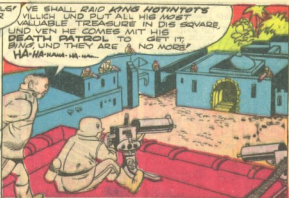


YAAA-AA... LET ME
OUT. UV HERE, I
KNOW VOT DOSE
CRAZY MEN CAN DO!

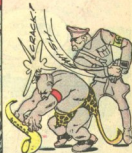


151 VE SHALL RAID KING HOTINTOTS
 VILLAGH AND PUT ALL HIS MOST
 VALUABLE TREASURE IN DIS SQUARE,
 UND VEN HE COMES MIT HIS
 DEATH PATROL TO GET IT,
 BING, UND THEY ARE NO MORE!
 HA-HA-KA-UND HA-HA

УД-НА-КЛАС - 100.000



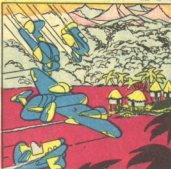
AT THE JUNGLE VILLAGE WE MEET PRINCE TOTINHOT KING HOTINTOT'S AMERICAN EDUCATED SON, WHO HAS BEEN RUNNING THINGS WHILE HIS FATHER FIGHTS NAZIS!



TOTINHOT'S MEN FIGHT BRAVELY BUT THEY'RE HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED... THEN... THE TRAP IS SET... AS NATIVES CARRY THE KING'S VALUED POSSESSIONS TOWARD THE VILLAGE SQUARE!

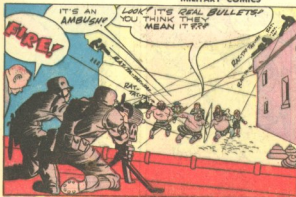


THE DEATH PATROL ZOOMS TO A LANDING... IN A JUNGLE CLEARING NEAR THE KING'S VILLAGE!

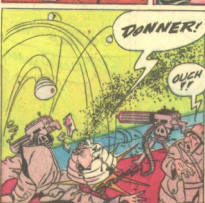
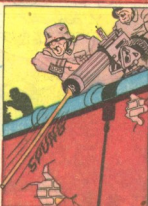


...AND JUST AS THE NAZIS HAD PLANNED THE DEATH PATROL HEADS FOR THE VILLAGE SQUARE



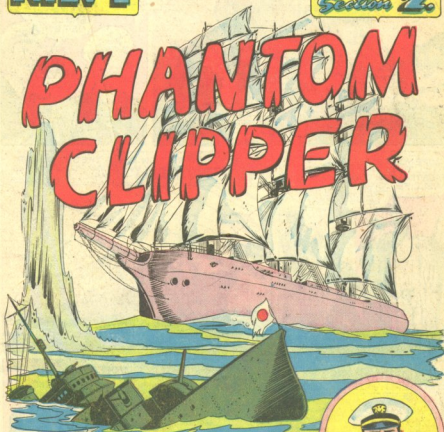


Totally Wounded... KING HOTINTOT MAKES A FINAL GESTURE... AND FLINGS HIS SPEAR INTO THE NAZI RANKS!



NAVYSTORIES OF MILITARY
ACTION AT SEA
Section 2.

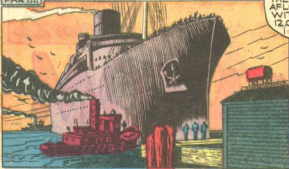
PHANTOM CLIPPER



IN THE MAELSTROM OF WAR ON THE HIGH SEAS, KNIFE THE PHANTOM CLIPPER, THE FASTEST WARSHIP AFLOAT, DISGUISED AS AN OLD NEW ENGLAND CLIPPER SHIP... AND AT HER HELM, THE NEWEST UNSUNG HERO OF THE SEAS, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER SHARK, U.S.N., KNOWN TO THE MEN OF THE PHANTOM CLIPPER AS --- TIGER SHARK!

**TIGER
SHARK**

DAWN, AN UNIDENTIFIED PORT ON THE WEST COAST OF THE UNITED STATES, A GREAT LINER, HER DECKS LINED WITH SILENT SOLDIERS, PREPARES TO DEPART...



WELL, THERE SHE GOES--THE PICARDY, ONE OF THE FINEST SHIPS AFLOAT--AND WITH HER GO 12,000 MEN! I HOPE --

OH, STOP WORRYING SHARK. THE GAILING HAS BEEN KEPT IN STRICT SECRECY--AND AN ESCORT WILL MEET HER TOMORROW! SHE'LL GET BY!



HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT I STILL THINK THAT ESCORT IS MEETING HER TOO FAR AWAY! WELL, FELLOWS, I THINK I'LL TROT HOME FOR SOME SLEEP!



AND SO THE RISING SUN FINDS THE GREAT SHIP PLOUGHING STEADILY WESTWARD, CARRYING 12,000 AMERICAN BOYS--TO WHAT?



LT. COMMANDER SHARK WEARILY HEADS FOR HIS QUARTERS--BUT SUDDENLY...





MINUTES LATER--NAVAL HEADQUARTERS...



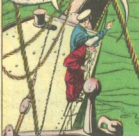


SEVERAL HOURS LATER...



AN HOUR LATER, ABOARD THE CLIPPER.

CAP! LOOK! WE'VE MADE IT! THERE'S THE PICARDY NOW!



ABOARD ONE OF THE JAPANESE DESTROYERS...

HONORABLE SIR! THE PICARDY IS REPORTED DIRECTLY AHEAD! BUT THERE IS AN OLD SAILING SHIP BETWEEN US---



TENSE SECONDS PASS... ANOTHER SHELL EXPLODES...

HANG ON, BOYS! WE'RE ALMOST BETWEEN THEM!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN? OH, OH! I SEE!



SEE THAT SMOKE? IF THEM AIN'T JAPS, I MISS MY GUESS!



SO THE AMERICAN FOOLS, THEY THINK WE WILL PASS THEM BY. EH? ORDER THE FORWARD GUNS TO FIRE.. WE WILL HAVE A BIT OF TARGET PRACTICE!



MEANWHILE... NOT YET, CAP! IF THIS THUNDERATION! THEY'VE OPENED WORKS FIRE! LET'S LET 'EM HAVE IT! WE'LL SINK BOTH OF 'EM! WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT FOR ANOTHER MINUTE OR TWO!



SWIFTLY THE DESTROYERS DRAW ALONGSIDE. JAPANESE GUNNERS GRIN AS THEY DRAW BEAD FOR AN EASY KILL...



WHEN SUDDENLY, FROM THE CLIPPER...

DISH IT OUT, MEN! UP WITH THE GUNS--FULL SPEED AHEAD--ALL TORPEDO TUBES--FIRE!



SUDDENLY, HARMLESS-LOOKING HATCH COVERS DISAPPEAR AND GREAT GUNS SLIDE INTO VIEW...



FROM WHAT APPEARED TO BE HATCH COVERS, HALF A DOZEN DEADLY TORPEDOES LEAP INTO THE SEA



THE JAPANESE COMMANDER BELLOWS ORDERS...

BY MY ANCESTORS! A Q-BOAT! ALL GUNS FIRE!... CHANGE COURSE. THOSE TORPEDOES WILL...



BUT TOO LATE! THE SIX TERRIBLE ENGINES OF DESTRUCTION FIND THEIR MARKS!



BULL'S EYE! IT AIN'T RIGHT, NOT A ONE. I SVE! WE GOT OF 'EM MISS NO CHANCE ED! THEM TO USE OUR GUNS! YOU JAPS IS FINISHED! TORPEDO MEN 'AS ALL THE FUN!



BUT AS THE CREW OF THE CLIPPER CONGRATULATE EACH OTHER...

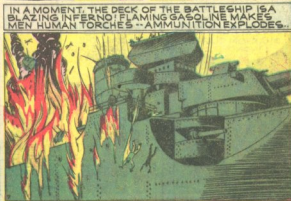


A JAP BATTLESHIP-- AND LOOK AT THE SIZE OF 'ER! ONE O THOSE SHELLS'D BLOW US TO--



I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN! CAP! START THE SMOKE MACHINES! AND GET THE PLANE READY!





MOMENTS LATER...



HERE COME OUR DESTROYERS, CAP! GUESS WE CAN HEAD FOR HOME!

YEP! PEERS TO ME, WE DONE A RIGHT SMART DAY'S WORK!

ABOARD ONE OF THE UNITED STATES DESTROYERS

WE CONTACTED THE PICARDY AGAIN, SIR! SHE STILL REFUSES TO CHANGE COURSE TILL SHE MEETS THE CONVOY! BUT, SIR, SHE --

FOR HEAVENS SAKE, MAN, I TOLD YOU TO ASK HER ABOUT THAT FIRING!



I'M COMING TO THAT, SIR! SHE REPORTS TWO JAP DESTROYERS AND A BATTLESHIP SUNK-- BY A SAILING SHIP! IT'S FANTASTIC!

I'M NOT SO SURE, BOY! REMEMBER THAT CLIPPER WE SAW THIS MORNING?



I'VE HEARD WILD STORIES ABOUT A SHIP LIKE THAT... NEVER BELIEVED THEM! THEY CALL HER THE PHANTOM CLIPPER... I WONDER...

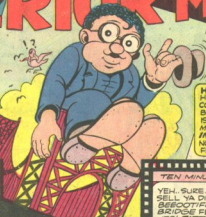


RIGHT, CAPTAIN! THE PHANTOM CLIPPER! SHE FIGHTS TO CLEAR THE SEAS OF THE SCUM OF THE EARTH, SPURRED ON BY HER GALLANT CREW AND THEIR LEADER, TIGER SHARK!



INFERIOR MAN

BY A.A.
JAFFEE



HIS FRIENDS KNOW HIM AS MILD, LITTLE COURTNEY FUDD... BUT IN REALITY HE IS THAT SUPER-DUPER MASTER OF NOTHING, INFERIOR MAN... NOW ON A FURLOUGH FROM THE ARMY...

IT IS NIGHT IN THE WILDS OF BROOKLYN... ON A CORNER, TWO NATIVES SPEAK WITH SADNESS IN THEIR VOICES...

YOUSE IS RIGHT HOIMAN! IT AIN'T LIKE DA GOOD OLE DAYS ANYMORE!

NAW! WHY I USETA SELL DAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE AT LEAST TREE TIMES A WEEK..... WHAAAAA...?



P. PARDON ME... C. COULD YOU PLEASE TELL ME WHERE I COULD GET A BRIDGE FOR MY...

BRIDGE? SAY NO MORE, MY FRIEND... I'VE GOT JUST THE THING FOR YOU!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

YEH... SURE... I'LL SELL YA DIS BEECOOTIFUL BRIDGE FER JES' FIFTY BUCKS!! HOWS DAT?

WELL... AH... I MEAN...



NEXT MORNING... BACK IN NEW JERSEY...

WAL, COURTNEY FUDD! HOW'S THINGS AN' STUFF IN THE BIG CITY?

F. FATHER! I... I GOT A BIG BRIDGE... ALL MY OWN!!!



... BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW I'LL EVER GET MY BRIDGE HOME HERE TO SCREAMIN' RIDGE...

THAT'S EASY! JES' MAKE A WISH TO KITCH THE WITCH...



SOON COURTNEY WHO IS REALLY INFERIOR MAN, IS WITH THE OLD WITCH....

YE WANT THE BRIDGE HERE? HEH... HEH!! HOLD THESE BONES AN' MAKE A WISH!!!!





THE SUN RISES OVER
BROOKLYN... AS HIGH
AS IT CAN GET...



MALARKEY! Y-YER
C'MON...
WILL
YA?



OH, HOIMAN!! CHEE...
WHAT'LL MABEL
SAY?



IN A FEW MINUTES THE
DREADFUL WORD SPREADS.
THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE
HAS BEEN STOLEN!!



ANY FINGER-
PRINTS,
SHOLOCK?



NAN!! ONLY
STEVE
BRODIE'S
SIGNATURE!



BOO HOO!!
EVVYTHING
HAPPENS
TO
BROOKLYN!
BOOOOO...

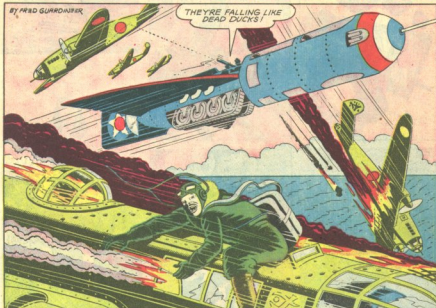


FOIST WE
LOSE DE
WORLD SERIES
...NOW WE
LOSE OUR
BRIDGE!!
WAAAA...



THE BLUE TRACER

BY FRED GUARDINER



THEY'RE FALLING LIKE DEAD DUCKS!

IN AN EFFORT TO HELP THE BELEAGUERED FORCES OF FREEDOM IN THE PACIFIC, CAPTAIN BILL DUNN AND BOOMERANG JONES, HURL THE BLUE TRACER INTO A SQUADRON OF JAPANESE BOMBERS, INTENT ON BLASTING THE AMERICANS IN THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.

BELOW THE BLUE TRACER, LIES A SMALL ISLAND.



WE WON-
LOOK AT 'EM
GO!

FROM A CONCEALED EMPLACEMENT AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN FIRES AT THE VALIANT AMERICAN MACHINE.

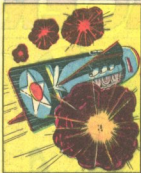


THE BURSTING SHELLS EXPLODE DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO BILL AND BOOMERANG!



HEY-WHO'S SHOOTIN'
AT US?

A LUCKY HIT SMASHES A PROPELLER BLADE!



OH-OH! WE GOTTA GLIDE TO THAT ISLAND-MUST BE JAPS DOWN THERE!



THE BLUE TRACER LANDS ON THE SANDY BEACH.



STICK'EM UP!



THE TWO MEN ARE SOON QUICKLY AT WORK ON THE PROPELLER.



YOU AND THE BLUE TRACER ARE MY PRISONERS!

WHO-WHAT?

WOW!



I KNOW YOU-YOURE CALLED THE SHE-WOLF OF THE JAVA SEA!

WHAT HAVE YOU AGAINST US? AREN'T YOU A WHITE WOMAN? WE'LL PROTECT YOU!



I AM HALF JAP AND AMERICAN-I HAVE NO COUNTRY EXCEPT THIS ISLAND-MY ISLAND-AND I LIQUIDATE ALL COMERS...BUT I CAN CERTAINLY USE THAT MACHINE OF YOURS!



THE WAR-LIKE LADY MARCHES HER PRISONERS TO A HOUSE IN THE TREES.

SHE'S QUITE A GAL-SORT OF A MODERN PIRATE!

NOBODY WAS EVER ABLE TO FIND HER ISLAND BEFORE!



**BOASTFULLY SHE SHOWS THE MEN
HER SUPPLY OF GUNS AND WEAPONS.**



I'M NOT
TAKING SIDES
IN THIS
WAR - !

BUT, LADY ! HOW CAN YOU
STAND THE JAPS' TREAT-
MENT OF HELPLESS
CIVILIANS ?

IF YOU'LL CALL A TRUCE,
I'LL SHOW YOU OUR
MOVIE RECORDS OF
WHAT WE SAW
GOING ON !



**THE GIRL AGREES AND BILL BRINGS IN
HIS MOVIE PROJECTOR AND SCREEN FROM
THE BLUE TRACER.**



I WAIT TILL YOU
SEE THESE ACTUAL FILMS
WE TOOK IN CHINA, MANILA,
HONGKONG, MALAYA...

**VIVIDLY THE FILM PORTRAYS THE CRUELTY
OF THE BARBARIC JAPANESE...**



I-I DID
NOT KNOW
IT WAS AS
AWFUL AS
THAT...
OOHH...

**CAPTURED PRISONERS OF WAR ARE
TORTURED AND BEATEN BY THE JAPS!**



AND THAT AIN'T
ALL, SISTER ! YOU
OUGHT TO SEE
WHAT THEY DO TO
KIDS !



**ACROSS THE SCREEN PASS THE CHILDREN
CRIPPLED BY JAP BOMBS AND GUNS !**



**STOP IT ! I CAN'T
STAND IT ! LET
ME JOIN YOU,
PLEASE !**



**BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT A
SHELL EXPLODES NEARBY !**



WHO-

WHAM

A JAP WARSHIP HAS QUIETLY MOVED OFF THE COAST OF THE LITTLE ISLAND!

WE'RE GOING TO BE INVADED!



C'MON BOYS! I'M READY FOR THEM, THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!



ABOARD SHIP THE JAP SOLDIER'S PREPARE TO INVAD.

PROBABLY NO ONE THERE EXCEPT A COUPLE OF BEACHCOMBERS!



BUT ON THE ISLAND, THE GIRL RATONS HER ARSENAL OF GUNS.

HERE'S A "CHICAGO GUN" FOR YOU!

GEE - WHAT A COLLECTION!



HERE THEY COME!

DON'T SHOOT 'TILL YOU SEE THE WHITES OF THEIR EYES!



THE LANDING PARTY SPEEDS TO SHORE!



AS THEY STRUGGLE IN THE SURF, THE THREE DEFENDERS LET GO!



LET 'EM HAVE IT!

CAUGHT IN THE MURDEROUS FIRE OF THE MACHINE GUNS THE INVADERS ARE WIPED OUT!



MORE BOATS PUT OUT FROM THE BATTLESHIP!



THE WOMAN LOADS A BARREL INTO A SPRING, MADE OF A BENT TREE!



THE TRIGGER ROPE IS CUT AND THE TREE SNAPS FORWARD!



THE BARREL LOOPS THROUGH THE AIR...



AND SMASHES INTO ONE OF THE BOATS SCATTERING THE POISONOUS SNAKES, CAUSING PANIC AND DEATH!



OKAY, FOLKS! WE BETTER SCRAM, THERE ARE TOO MANY OF 'EM! TO THE BLUE TRACER!

NOW I'M YOUR PRISONER!



THE THREE FIGHTERS RACE INTO THE WAITING MACHINE.



WITH BILL AT THE CONTROLS, THE BLUE TRACER ZOOMS OFF THE GROUND!



AT SIGHT OF THE BLUE TRACER, THE JAP SHIP FLEES - FIRING AS IT GOES!



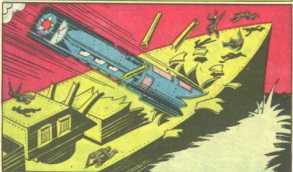
PREPARE TO DIVE - RAM... HERE WE GO!



RETRACTING ITS TELESCOPIC WINGS THE BLUE TRACER DIVES LIKE AN AERIAL TORPEDO!



ARMOR PLATES AND STEEL BULKHEADS CRUMBLE AS THE BLUE TRACER CRASHES INTO THE NIPPONESE BATTLESHIP!



THE DIVING BLUE BULLET GOES RIGHT THROUGH ITS TARGET!



AS BILL SWOOPS UP OUT OF THE SEA, HIS PASSENGERS WITNESS THE END OF THE WARSHIP!



YOU CAN TAKE ME TO THE ALLIED COMMANDER... THERE ARE MANY SECRETS OF THE JAPANESE THAT I CAN TELL HIM!

OKAY, LADY!



AND SO THE FIGHTERS ON THE SIDE OF THE ALLIED COUNTRIES, ZOOM AWAY TO CONTINUE THE WAR AGAINST THE AXIS OF DESTRUCTION.



Watch for the next thrilling installment of The Blue Tracer.



MILITARY COMICS PRESENTS AN EXCLUSIVE, TRUE STORY OF HEROISM
ABOARD THE BLAZING LUXURY LINER, NORMANDIE

Beechhurst, Long Island, New York, is just a small one horse town. No matter what the Chamber of Commerce says . . . it's still a one horse town where nothing much ever happens. Even in these times, with nearly all the young fellas in the army, there's nothing exciting to report. That is, up until the Normandie burned up.

But first let's get the background in. When all Europe went to war, lots of defense industries sprang up all over the country to help supply the beleaguered Democracies. Along with plenty of other fellas 20-year-old Charles Neff of Beechhurst, got himself a defense job. The pay was good and he was learning a trade. He's just an ordinary boy . . . about five foot seven or eight, wears glasses, hangs around the ball field with the rest of the kids . . . you'd never pick him out to be the hero type. But that was before the

Normandie burned. Today he's the talk of the town.

Charlie worked pretty darn hard at his job, and after a year and a half got to be Snapper of the pipe-fitters helpers. In the ship yards, Snapper, means foreman. That's O.K. for a young fella. Along came Pearl Harbor and the Normandie was being refitted as a super troopship. That would have been a tremendous job, with plenty of pipes to fit . . . so Charlie got himself a job working on the future U.S.S. Lafayette. (Which would have been the new name of the Normandie). By February 9th, the work was well under way. The fancy staterooms that ordinarily slept two people, were fitted with bunks for sixteen soldiers . . . gun foundations were put in and reinforced clear down to the keel . . . and practically all the furniture was removed. That fateful Monday morning started out just like any other day and

Charlie reported to work as usual. One of the other Beechhurst boys, Monk Menke, waved hello to Charlie as he came off the night shift, never dreaming that in just a few hours Charlie would be a hero and the Normandie would be a charred hulk.

Charlie's job that day was in the main salon, way up on the boat deck. That's three decks above the dock, up on top of the ship. The main salon was one of the few places where the luxurious furnishings had not been removed, and those red and green leather easy chairs burned like tinder. The first thing that Charlie knew, great stifling clouds of smoke and flame were pouring through the doorway into the room where he was working. Without a moment's hesitation he unwound the ship's hose nearest the blaze and began to play it on the fire. His job didn't include firefighting, but men's lives were in the balance, and

young Charlie stayed at the hose. There was no stopping *that* blaze, however, and Charlie was forced further and further back. Not being equipped for this sort of thing, the young hero inhaled much more smoke and flame than is good for anybody. When

est exit. His eyes were smarting so badly that he could just about see . . . and he didn't notice, until he stumbled and fell, that a man was lying stretched out on the deck . . . unconscious . . . or dead! There was no time to try and revive the man, so although he

stairway, and another . . . then along the smoke filled deck to the gangplank . . . five, ten, fifteen feet to the dock. Unable to drag the tremendous burden any longer, his tortured lungs gasping for air, young Charlie keeled over, alongside the man he had rescued.



at length a fireman appeared and took the hose away from him, he was in a pretty foggy condition. By this time the abandon ship alarm began to sound and Charlie made his way through smoke filled corridors towards the near-

weighed 200 pounds, little Charlie promptly hauled him to the stairway and lowered him to the next deck. Charlie needed help himself . . . but the hope that he might save a man's life drove him on. Down another

That's about all there is to it . . . the man was alive and was released from the hospital BEFORE Charlie was. You may say that Charlie's deed wasn't much . . . you're right! It WASN'T . . . All he did was save a man's life at the risk of his own. Anyone would have done the same thing. That's just it . . . Charlie's deed is typical of the quiet, determined heroism that is going to smash the dictators to their knees. I tell this story, not because Charlie Neff is another Sergeant York . . . but then again, maybe he is! York did his job as well as he knew how, and Charlie did his. Colin Kelly did his job and General MacArthur his. Some have big jobs . . . others have small ones. But they're all Americans and they do their jobs WELL! Kelly's name will live forever, and Charlie's will be forgotten tomorrow . . . But the heroism and valor of the American men and boys, of whom Charlie is typical, will NEVER be forgotten!

Oh yes . . . And Charlie DID give Beechhurst something to talk about!

THE ATLANTIC PATROL

A TRUE STORY OF
DARING ADVENTURE

IN THE CARIBBEAN DEFENSE
AREA, THE U.S.S. OMAHA IS PATROLING!

STEAMER OFF
STARBOARD
BOW---!!

THE SHIP TURNS OUT TO BE
THE S.S. ODENWALD, DISGUISED
AS THE S.S. WILLMOTO, OUT OF
PHILADELPHIA!!

SCUTTLE SHIP!! THEY SUSPECT
US--- IGNITE THE
BOMB FUSES!!

THEY'RE
ABANDONING
SHIP, SIR---!!

THAT MEANS
EXPLOSIVES SET
TO BLOW UP---!!
ROW FASTER,
MEN!

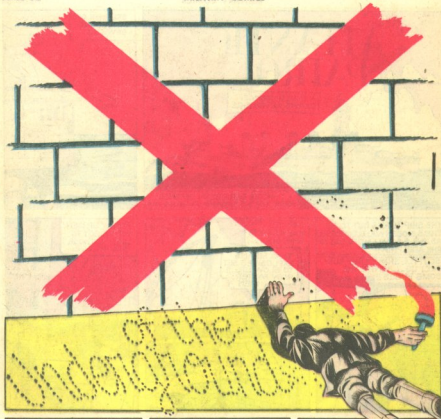
HURRY UP, MEN!
WE'VE GOT TO
LOCATE THOSE
BOMBS---!!

GOSH!! A FEW MORE
SECONDS AND WE'LL
BE BLOWN TO KING-
DOM COME-----!!

WHEW!!
THAT SURE
WAS CLOSE!

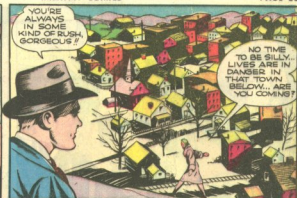
THUS THE CREW OF THE U.S.S.
OMAHA BRING A RICH PRIZE INTO
SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO---!!

NEXT ISSUE, ANOTHER THRILLING
STORY OF THE ATLANTIC PATROL!
--- BE SURE TO READ IT ---!!



ALONG THE ROCKBOUND COAST
OF NORWAY... NAZI SOLDIERS
FIRE ON A THUNDERING SPEED-
BOAT....





SHORTLY AFTER... ELSA LARSON GIVES X AND JIMMY GRAY A REVEALING STORY...



THAT NIGHT...







THAT NIGHT IN BERGEN, NORWAY...AGENTS OF THE UNDERGROUND LISTEN TO THEIR LEADER, NILS LARSON....





This is an actual story based upon inside facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureaus

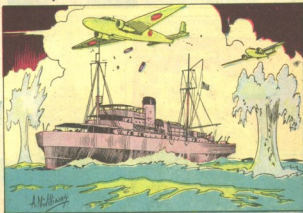
17 PLANE JAP ARMADA VS. TINY TENDER

USS HERON IN AMAZING EXPLOIT BEATS JAP BOMBERS, SHOOTS DOWN ONE!

The U. S. Navy Department announced with pride, the decoration and promotion of Lieutenant William L. Kahler, commander of the seaplane tender, U.S.S. HERON, which won a phenomenal 7-hour battle with Japanese bombers somewhere in the Pacific war area.

It was explained that Lieutenant Kahler's feat required not only exceptional daring, but extraordinary skill, which has become a legend in the Navy Department.

In opinion of naval strategists, if Lieutenant Kahler could beat Japanese bombers in a small ship, no larger than an ocean-going tug, and withstand a severe bombing that sank big battle-ships like the H.M.S. PRINCE OF WALES, it might be wise to send more small craft over to shame the Japanese. The battle began when . . .





ON THE BRIDGE, LIEUT. KABLER SCANS THE RADIO MESSAGE

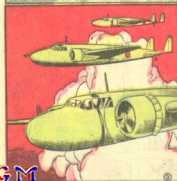


MEANTIME, A JAP PATROL BOMBER SQUADRON GETS READY TO TAKE OFF ON A ROUTINE MISSION.

THIS TIME WE MUST DESTROY AN AMERICAN WARSHIP, NO MATTER HOW BIG OR HOW SMALL.

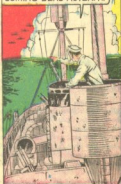
REMEMBER THE HARUMA AND THE KONGO AND ALL OUR OTHER SHIPS THEY'VE SUNK!! THIS IS A QUESTION OF MORALE. WE HAVEN'T SUNK AN AMERICAN WARSHIP SINCE PEARL HARBOR!! THIS TIME NO EXCUSES FOR FAILURE ----!!

THE JAP PATROL BOMBERS TAKE OFF AND CLIMB TO GAIN ALTITUDE ----



FATE DRAWS THE JAPANESE SQUADRON AND THE U.S.S. HERON TO A CLASH ----!!

JAP PATROL BOMBERS COMING DEAD ASTERN!!

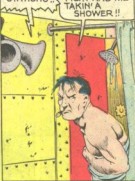


MAN THE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS!... WE'LL GIVE THOSE BROWN MONKEYS A FIGHT THEY WON'T FORGET IN A HURRY!!



TO BATTLE STATIONS!!

OH, FINE...!! A FIGHT AND ME TAKIN' A SHOWER!!



HEY, SAILOR!! WHAT'S THE RUMPUS ABOUT?

JAP PLANES!!... GONNA SHOW 'EM YOUR PHYSIQUE?



WELL, WELL, LOOK WHAT THE WELL DRESSED C.P.O. WEARS THESE DAYS, BOYS

VERY, VERY FUNNY... I HOPE YOU GUYS KIN FIGHT AS WELL AS YOU KIN TALK...!!

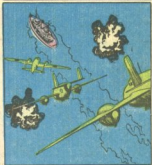
PRETTY, AIN'T HE!



HERE THEY COME...!! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU LADS SOME REAL SHOOTIN'!!



WITH THEIR BOMB BAYS OPEN, THE BOMBERS DIVE TO THE ATTACK!!



LIEUT. KABLER STEERS THE SHIP IN A ZIG-ZAG COURSE TO ESCAPE THE BOMBS...



THE HERON'S GUN CREWS PUT UP SUCH A BLISTERING CURTAIN OF FIRE, THE JAP PLANES ARE FORCED AWAY...



I DON'T SEE ANY OF THOSE SWELL SHOTS YOU WERE BRAGGIN' ABOUT!

SHUT UP! I HAVEN'T FIRED YET!!



ONE BOMBER COMES IN LOWER THAN THE OTHERS----

PLACE YOUR BETS, BOYS---!!



BY THE HONORABLE SHINTO
---SHARPSHOOTER HAS
HIT STARBOARD MOTOR!!



AND THE SMOKING BOMBER ALMOST
CRASHES INTO THE SEA BESIDE
THE LITTLE HERON, BUT IT ESCAPES



THE FAILURE OF THE FIRST
ATTACK ENRAGES THE JAP
LEADER ----

TERRIBLE!! ONE
SMALL SHIP---
AND YOU
CAN'T EVEN
HIT IT---!!
ALL PLANES
FOLLOW
ME !!



SEE THAT LEADING PLANE?
THE BIG SHOT HIMSELF IS
LEADING THE NEW ATTACK!!
THERE'S YOUR CHANCE, BOYS



THE JAP
COMMANDER'S
PLANE RUNS INTO
A DIRECT HIT---!!

MY CHUTE IS
STUCK!!--- CAN NOT
BAIL OUT--- WATER
CLOSE !! 水が近い



LIEUT. KABLER IS FORCED TO SWING THE HERON SHARPLY
TO AVOID THE BLAZING REMNANTS OF THE BOMBER !!



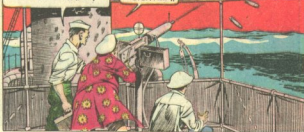
A LITTLE BOAT LIKE THAT,
SHOOTING DOWN HONOR-
ABLE LEADER...
IS IMPOSSIBLE!
SHAMEFUL!!



THROWING CAUTION TO THE
WINDS, THE BOMBERS ATTACK
THE TENDER ONCE AGAIN---

IF YOU LET 'EM COME ANY
CLOSER, THEY'LL SINK US
BY FALLING ON US...
KEEP 'EM AWAY--!

SHUT UP!
I'M NEAR
SIGHTED!!



THE HERON PLOUGHS STEADILY ON THROUGH
THE HAIL OF BOMBS, ALL OF WHICH MISS



...AND AS THE JAP
PLANES FINISH THEIR
THIRD ATTACK, ONE
HEADS FOR HOME WITH
A SMOKING MOTOR...!!



SO SORRY TO BOTHER VERY
HONORABLE BASE COMMAND-
ER, BUT PLEASE TO SEND
REINFORCEMENTS TO DEAL
WITH AMERICAN SUPER-
BATTLESHIP...!!



AT THE JAP BASE...
HAVE BIG NEWS!!...
OUR NOBLE BROTHER
PILOTS ARE ATTACKING
AN AMERICAN MONSTER
BATTLESHIP...!

WE SHALL
JOIN THEM
AND AID
THEIR
ATTACK!!



THE REINFORCEMENTS
ARRIVE...WITH INCREDULITY!

WHAT!...IS
THAT LITTLE
TUB THE GIANT
AMERICAN
BATTLESHIP?

坊油將

YOU SHOULD
HAVE THE
HONOR OF
ATTACKING
HER FIRST,
COMMANDER



ALL PLANES... STAY
CLEAR WHILE I ILLU-
STRATE A PERFECT BOMB-
ING APPROACH...!!



ON THE HERON'S STERN
GUN PLATFORM....

ONE OF THE NEW
ARRIVALS THINKS
HE CAN GET US IN A
LINE SIGHT... DIS-
ILLUSION HIM...!!



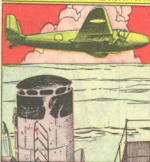
THE SHELL ALMOST RIPS THE JAP
BOMBER'S STARBOARD MOTOR
OUT OF ITS MOUNTING...!!



秀人安--THEY HIT
MOTOR...!
A LUCKY SHOT!



THROWN OFF COURSE AND ALMOST
OUT OF CONTROL, THE BOMBER
WOBBLES OFF PAST THE HERON...



AS IT PASSES....

WATCH ME
TEASE THAT
MONKEY!

NO!...I
CAN'T BEAR
TO LOOK...



虎標 准 確 THEY SHOOT W-WITH
ACCURACY OF
F--FIENDS!!



SEEING THEIR LEADER DISABLED, THE REMAINING JAP PILOTS
ATTACK WITH RENEWED FURY...



KEEP ZIG-ZAGGING TO
SPOIL THESE BIRDS' AIM...
WE'LL GET THROUGH IT...!!

Y--YES, SIR



A HEAVY BOMB LANDS CLOSE AMIDSHIPS AND TONS OF WATER CASCADE OVER THE HERON ----



--'N JAPS-- MY WIFE MADE THIS BATHROBE 'N NOW LOOK AT IT SHRINK!! --SHE'LL MURDER ME!



--THEY SPOIL MY SHOWER, THEN GIVE ME A BATH!!



THE JAP WHO DROPPED THE BOMB IS ALMOST DOWNED BY THE FIRE OF THE WRATHFUL C.R.O.



GUESS WE TAUGHT HIM SOMETHING, EH---

YEAH...BUT WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WE"?



IN HIS ONE MOTORED BOMBER LIMPING ALONG ABOVE THE SCENE OF ACTION, THE JAP LEADER CALLS FOR MORE PLANES

BOMB BAYS ALL EMPTY--SEND MORE BOMBERS, PLEASE!



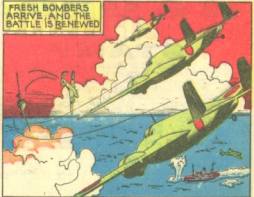
ONE OF THE CRIPPLED BOMBERS RETURNS TO THE JAP BASE---

ALL OUR BOMBERS CAN'T HIT A LITTLE TUGBOAT---!! IT MAKES ME FORTO GNASH MY TEETH WITH SHAME!!

BAH! WE SHALL LOAD THE PLANES WITH 2,000 LB. BOMBS!

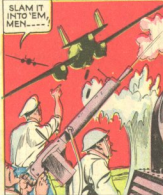


FRESH BOMBERS ARRIVE, AND THE BATTLE IS RENEWED

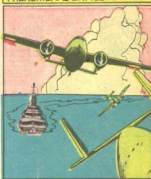


FOR 7 LONG HOURS, THE JAPANESE BOMBERS TRY TO SINK THE INTREPID U.S.S. HERON BUT THE LITTLE SEA-PLANE TENDER FIGHTS BACK UNDAUNTED...! FINALLY THE JAPS ROAR DOWN FOR THEIR LAST ATTACK!

SLAM IT INTO 'EM, MEN----



AT LAST THE JAPS GIVE UP THE PHENOMENAL BATTLE----



HOW MUCH DAMAGE?

VERY LITTLE, SIR... SOME OF THE BOMBS THAT HIT CLOSE SPRUNG SOME OF THE HULL PLATES, BUT THAT'S ALL--!



MY WIFE WILL KILL ME FOR RUININ' THIS ROBE--!

HE'S MORE AFRAID OF HIS WIFE THAN HE IS OF THE WHOLE JAP ARMY!



PROUDLY FLYING THE STARS AND STRIPES, THE TOUGH LITTLE U.S.S. HERON STEAMS TOWARD THE NEW BASE



READ SECRET WAR NEWS IN MILITARY COMICS REGULARLY! ALWAYS A TRUE, THRILLING WAR EPISODE...DON'T MISS IT

U.S. HERO STAMP

DOWN ACROSS THE PACIFIC, SWARMING LIKE MAD, BLOODTHIRSTY LOCUSTS CAME THE HOSTS OF THE IMPERIAL ARMY OF JAPAN... HAWAII, WAKE, AND THE PHILIPPINES WERE HAMMERED, AND WHILE AMERICAN OUTPOSTS FELL BACK, ONE MAN REMAINED FIRM.... CUT OFF FROM THE MAINLAND, OUTNUMBERED, GENERAL MACARTHUR AND HIS BATTERED TROOPS HELD THE JAPS IN A DELAYING ACTION THAT MAY WELL BE THE ONE MANUEVER THAT MOST CONTRIBUTED TO THE VICTORY WE KNOW WILL SURELY COME...

SAVE THIS STAMP ESPECIALLY... FOR THE NAME MACARTHUR WILL RANK WITH THOSE OF GRANT, CLUSTER, AND THE OTHERS OF AMERICA'S GREAT MILITARY HEROES!!!

MILITARY COMICS
U.S. HERO STAMP



QUALITY COMIC GROUP



AMERICA'S
BEST
COMIC
MAGAZINES



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN WHEN YOU BUY



PRESENTING
the New **DAISY**

DEFENDER

**1000-
SHOT
MILITARY
MODEL**

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER... 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS
BEAUTIFUL
CARTON

Featuring

- ★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING
- ★ (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming)
- ★ DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—
- ★ for Elevation... up or down)
- ★ AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on)
- ★ FULL LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE
- ★ LIGHTNING LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in seconds)
- ★ OVAL STOCK — WALNUT FINISH



FREE!

Send post card for Daisy Air Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual of Arms (military drills, commands, shooting positions, etc.)—both sent FREE. Write now!



Get the Famous
RED RYDER
Saddle **CARBINE**

If you can't get a Daisy Defender, join the hundreds of thousands of boys who own the RED RYDER Cowboy Carbine—the most popular Daisy in history! Features: Golden Carbine Bands—Genuine Western Carbine Ring—14-Inch Leather Thong knotted to Ring—Carbine Style Fore-piece—Lightning Loader—RED RYDER's picture, signature and Horse "Thunder" branded on Pistol Grip Stock. At your Dealer's, or send us \$3 and we'll mail CARBINE postpaid! (Duty added in Canada.)

\$3

ONLY
\$5

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 495 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.